

A Nice Place to Bury Myself Alive

Mariah Macklem

I want to find the kindest field on Earth,
Where the sweet sun caresses the ground with hands of an old friend,
and tall grass sways gently as the wind rocks it to sleep.
The clouds will cling overhead, weaving through rays of sunlight.
I want to give myself to it,
offer myself like an unworthy sacrifice to everything that has ever been quiet.
I want the grass to curl around my ankles and pull me right into the cool earth.
All of my atoms will softly drift apart,
like millions of departing trains going to bigger and better places.
Everything festering inside me will turn to mulch,
fertilizing the ground as it decomposes and bringing the beginning of softer things.
Things that feel better to hold within myself.
They will not claw at my insides, will not scream their way out of my mouth.
My fists will uncurl and accept the feeling of roots between my fingers.
My eyes will close for once not with anguish, but with a sudden rush of belonging.
I want to sleep for eternity where my thoughts can finally rest,
and all the tar inside my throat can turn into wet earth.
It will be a comfortable place to bury myself alive,
and give into smoothness I've never known before.